

C 98-36

Faculty of Music  
University of Toronto

# *Music by Student Composers*

April 2, 1998 8:00pm  
Walter Hall, Edward Johnson Building

## - P R O G R A M -

### *Prelude*

Wallace Halladay

Rosanne Wieringa, flute; Sarah Jeffrey, oboe; Aidan Pendleton, violin;  
Liliana Rippandelli, viola; Kristen Wanner, cello

### *Three Dances*

Solomon Douglas

Michael Eastwood, E flat clarinet;  
Maria Gacesa, B flat clarinet; Robert Woolfrey, bass clarinet

### *Devotion* (text by Rimma Skeini)

Eva Sze

Ariana Chris, mezzo-soprano; Judith McIntyre, cello;  
Tiffany Hsieh, piano

### *She came home with her hands full of metal* for piano and electroacoustic tape

Jason Stokes

Wendy Lee, piano

### *Piece for Flute and Electroacoustic Tape*

Wallace Halladay

Nicholas Ursa, flute

### *The ping pong pame* for saxophone and electroacoustic tape

Amelia Nurse

Wallace Halladay, saxophone

### *Piece for Bass and Electroacoustic Tape*

Wendy Lee

Peter Olsen, bass

### *Astral saxophone* for saxophone and electroacoustic tape

Paul Arnold

Wallace Halladay, saxophone

## - I N T E R M I S S I O N -

*Homage to Prokofiev*

Aaron Brock

First Movement: *Pesante*

Rozalind Macphail, flute; Keri Skitch, oboe; Alanna Bello, clarinet;  
Melanie Fairbrother, bassoon; Anthony Pezzetti, horn

*Bird Raptures* (text by C. Rossetti)

Marina Metelko

Ariana Chris, mezzo-soprano; Matthew Svoboda, Kristen Wanner, cellos;  
Rosanne Wieringa, flute; Michael Westwood, clarinet;  
Brian Baty, bass; Loke Chuah Tan, percussion

*Semitonal*

Nicholas Ursa

Aidan Pendleton, violin

*Dialogue Between the Body and Soul of the Murdered Girl*

Scott Good

Erica Tanner (Soul), Maria Riedstra (Body), sopranos;  
Carol Shields, C flute, alto flute; Juliene Smordon, B flat clarinet, bass clarinet;  
Emily Hamper, piano; Konstantin Popavic, violin; Anna Redacop, viola; Orsi Lengyez, cello

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### Dialogue Between the Body and Soul of the Murdered Girl

Body:	I speak not from my pallid lips but from these wounds.	Soul:	in the cog and gear of hate. I lay coiled, the spring of all your intricate design.
Soul:	Red lips that cannot tell a credible tale.	Body:	You served me well. But still I swear Christ was my only King.
Body:	In a world of martyr'd men these lips renounce their ravage: The wounds of France roused their fresh and fluid voices.	Soul:	France was your motherland: To her you gave your life and limbs.
Soul:	War has victims beyond the bands bonded to slaughter. War moves with armoured wheels across the quivering flesh and patient limbs of all life's labile fronds.	Body:	I gave these hands and gave these arms I gave my head of ravelled hair.
Body:	France was the garden I lived in. Amid these trees, these fields, petals fell flesh to flesh: I was a wilder flower.	Soul:	You gave your sweet round breasts like Agatha who was your Saint.
Soul:	Open and innocent. So is the heart laid virgin to my choice. I filled your vacant ventricles with dreams with immortal hopes and aspirations that exalt the flesh to passion, to love and hate.	Body:	Mary Aegyptiaca is the pattern of my greatest loss.
	Child-radiance then clouded, the light that floods the mind is hot with blood pulse beats to the vibrant battle-cry the limbs are burnt with action.	Soul:	To whom in nakedness and want God sent a holy man. Who clothed her, shrived her, gave her peace before her spirit left the earth
Body:	The heart had not lost its innocence so soon but for the coming of that day when men speaking a strange tongue, wearing strange clothes armed, flashing with harness and spurs carrying rifles, lances or spears followed by rumbling waggons, shrouded guns passed through the village in endless procession swift, grim, scornful, exulting.	Body:	My sacrifice was made to gain the secrets of these hostile men.
Soul:	You had not lost your innocence so soon but for the going of men from the village Your father gone, your brother only the old left, and the very young the women sad, the houses shuttered suspense of school, even of play the eager search for news, the air of universal doubt, and then the knowledge thast the wavering line of battle now was fixed beyond this home. The soil was tilled for visionary hate	Soul:	I hover round your fameless features barred from Heaven by light electric. All men who find these mauled remains will pray to Mary for your swift release. The cry that left your dying lips was heard by God.
Body:	Four years was time enough for such a seedling hate to grow sullen, close, intent: To wait and wonder but to abate no fervour in the slow passage of despair.	Body:	I died for France. A bright mantle fell across your bleeding limbs Your face averted shone with sacred fire. So be content. In this war many men have perished not bless'd with faith in a cause, a country or a God not less martyrs than Herod's/ Victims, Ursula's Virgins or any mass'd innocents massacred.
Soul:	The mind grew tense.	Body:	such men give themselves not to their/ God but to their fate die thinking the face of God not love/ but hate.
Body:	My wild flesh was caught	Soul:	Those who die for a cause die comforted/ and coy; believing their cause God's cause/ they die with joy.

-Herbert Read